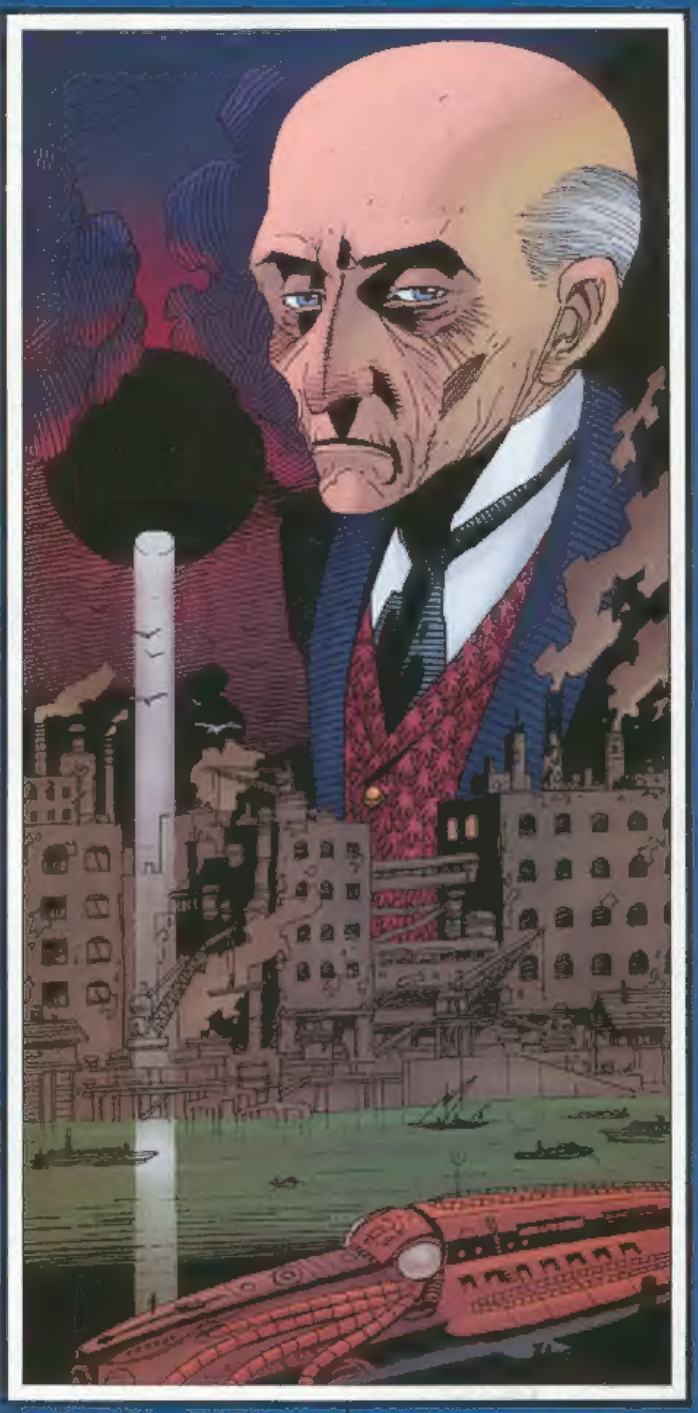
The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen™



ALAN MOORE
KEVIN O'NEILL

Vol. 1 No. 5 (of 6) JUN
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AMERICA'S BEST COMICS

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

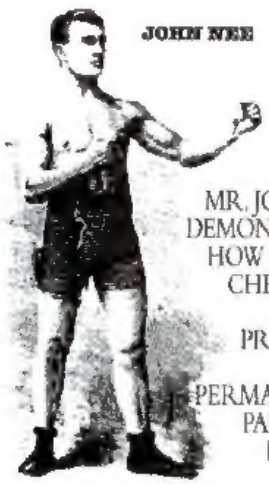
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL OF THE WORLD.

The "Police Gazette" is the World's Sporting Authority.

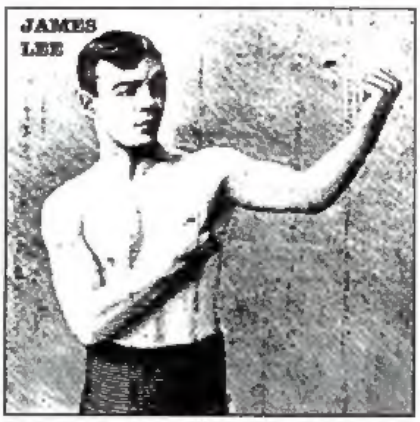
THE OLD MAN SPOILED THE FUN.

WRITER MOORE AND ARTIST O'NEILL SPEND THEIR ROYALTIES. EDITOR DUNBIER, LEFT, CRIES "WHY, YOU POPPINJAYS! WHERE, I SAY, IS ISSUE SIX?"

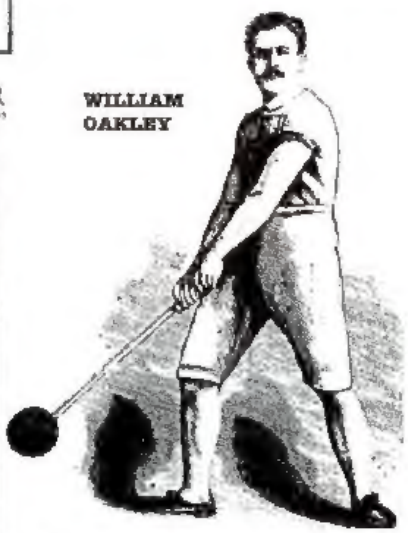
MR. BENEDICT DIMAGMALIW KEEPS AHEAD OF THOSE CONFOUNDED COLORING DEADLINES.



MR. JOHN NEE DEMONSTRATES HOW SIGNING CHEQUES AS A VICE PRESIDENT HAS PERMANENTLY PARALYSED HIS ARM.



"MINE IS FAR WORSE", EXCLAIMS PUBLISHER JAMES LEE.



MR. WILLIAM OAKLEY DEMONSTRATES THE "BISMARCK" SOUND-EFFECT LETTERING BRUSH.

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5: "Some Deep, Organizing Power..."

YES. HERE WE ARE.
CLEARLY, THE "SICK ENGLISH-WOMAN" WHO LURED MY FRIEND THE DOCTOR BACK TO OUR INN IN MERINGEN WAS OF YOUR DEVISING?
CLEARLY. SURELY YOU REALIZED?
YES. FRANKLY, I WAS RELIEVED. HE'S NEWLY MARRIED. THERE'S NO NEED TO ENDANGER HIM.
MAY I WRITE HIM A NOTE?
WHY NOT?
NEITHER OF US ARE GOING ANYWHERE.
I SUPPOSE NOT.
NONETHELESS, THE COURTESY IS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED. THANK YOU.
NOT AT ALL. THIS VIEW AND THIS OCCASION BOTH ARE TOO MAGNIFICENT TO MAR WITH PETTINESS.
YOU DO KNOW, DON'T YOU, THAT THERE'S NOTHING PERSONAL IN THIS?
WHY, NATURALLY. OUR SITUATION HAS THE DISAFFECTED BEAUTY OF A CHESS GAME.
EXACTLY! HA HA HA! EXACTLY RIGHT!
I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU UNDERSTAND.
IT'S MEANING, ISN'T IT, THAT LENDS SUCH BLESSED JOY TO LIFE?
THIS SPRAY, THESE SUNLIT PEAKS. THE GOLDEN, MATHEMATIC LOGIC OF IT ALL.
AH.
AH, WHAT IT IS TO BE A MAN BELOW SO BLUE A SKY.
Tell Inspector ... that the papers he needs to convict the gang are in pigeon hole 'M', done up in a blue envelope and inscribed 'Moriarty' I made every disposition of my property before leaving England and handed it to my brother Mycroft. Pray give my greetings to Mrs Watson, and believe me to be, My dear fellow Very sincerely yours

INDEED. AS CLOSING ACTS GO, I'LL ALLOW THE SCENERY IS MORE THAN ADEQUATE.
WHY, SIR, IT IS OLYMPIAN! WE TREAD THE VERY BORDERS OF MYTHOL-OGY!

I RATHER THINK YOU FLATTER BOTH OF US.
THERE.
I AM DONE.

SHAM MODESTY. IT ILL BECOMES YOU.
WHAT IS LEAVING ALPENSTOCK AND A SILVER CIGARETTE CASE ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN PATHWAY, IF NOT PLAYING TO YOUR LEGEND?

IT IS A KEEP-SAKE TO A DEAR FRIEND. NOTHING MORE.
I'M TIRED WITH TALK, PROFESSOR.
SO, THEN. TO THE DEATH?

OH, YES.
YES, ABSOLUTELY.

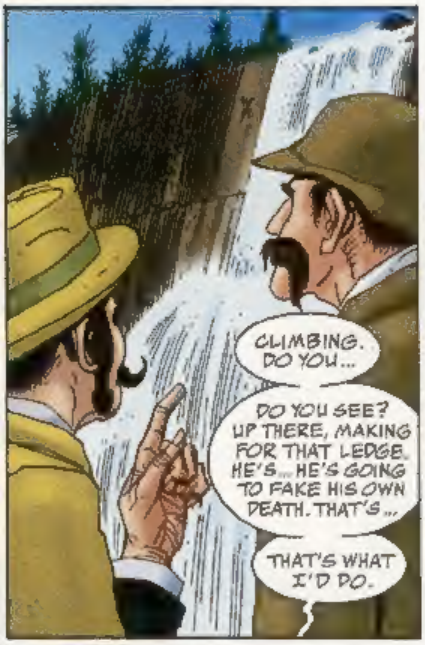
Hm.

Unhhurrrrgh...
MAY... GOD STRIKE YOU...
Owwhhh...
MAY GOD... MAY GOD RIP YOUR BOWELS OUT, YOU...
...YOU SODOMITIC, DRUG-ADDICTED...
AHH. AHH, GOD...
GOD.

PROFESSOR?
OVER HERE, MORAN! I THINK I SEE HIM!

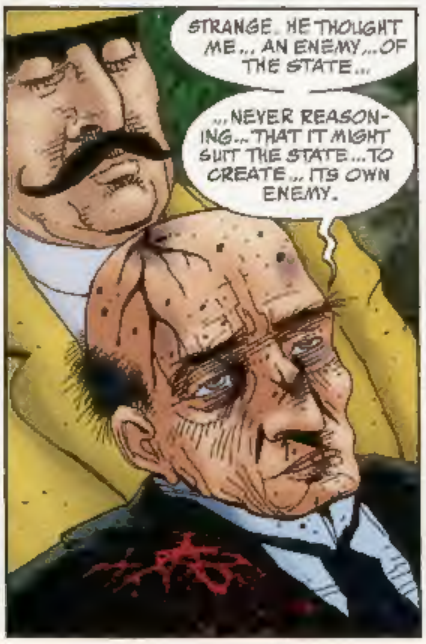
DAMNABLE MESS. IS HE ALIVE?
JUST.
IT'S ALRIGHT, SIR. COLONEL MORAN AND I SAW YOU FALL. WE'LL GET YOU TO SAFETY.
Oourrghn...

BOND... MY...
MY INJURIES... JUST RIBS, I THINK. AND MY LEG.
THE DETECTIVE. IMPORTANT YOU GET THE DETECTIVE.
WHERE IS HE, SIR?


CLIMBING. DO YOU...
DO YOU SEE? UP THERE, MAKING FOR THAT LEDGE. HE'S... HE'S GOING TO FAKE HIS OWN DEATH. THAT'S...
THAT'S WHAT I'D DO.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL GET UP ABOVE HIM. PICK HIM OFF WITH MY AIR-RIFLE.
NO. SHOT TOO DIFFICULT. USE BOULDERS.
BURY HIM.

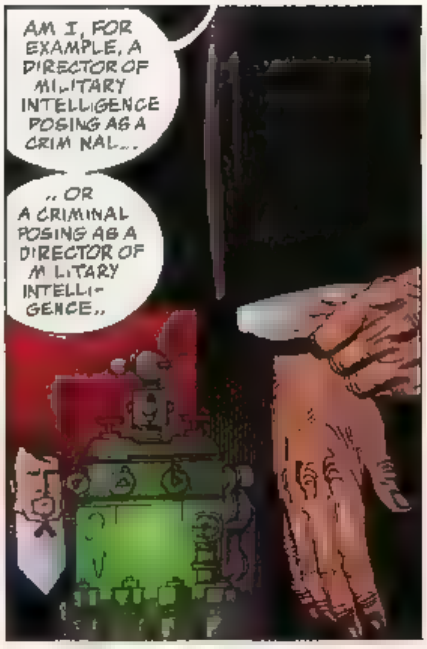
YOU CAN DEPEND ON MORAN, SIR.
HE'S THE BEST WE HAVE IN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE GROUP FIVE. THE DETECTIVE IS AS GOOD AS DEAD.
I KNOW...


STRANGE. HE THOUGHT ME... AN ENEMY... OF THE STATE...
...NEVER REASONING... THAT IT MIGHT SUIT THE STATE... TO CREATE... ITS OWN ENEMY.

SHADOWBOXING, BOND.
WE'RE ALL JUST...
...SHADOW-BOXING...

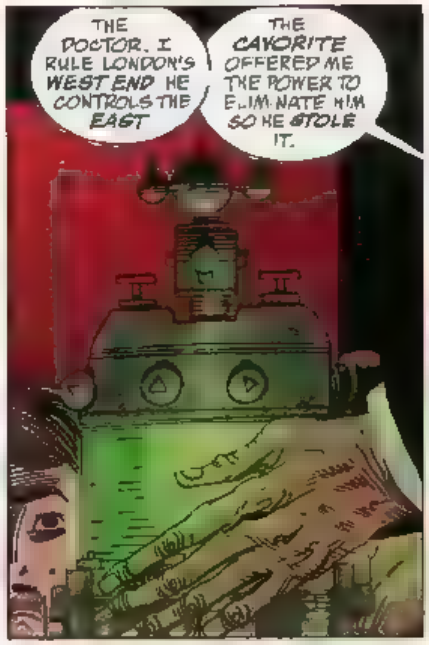
Vauxhall, London. August, 1898.
"WE'RE ALL JUST SHADOW-BOXING."
YOU'LL RECALL, I TRUST, MY WORDS TO YOU BENEATH THE FALLS AT REICHENBACH?
THEY'RE TRUE, BOND. THEY'RE AS TRUE NOW AS THEY WERE THEN.
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE CREATED ME, BOND. THEY RECRUITED ME WHILE I WAS STILL AT UNIVERSITY, JUST AS THEY DID WITH YOU.
NATURALLY, I EXCELLED AT ESPIONAGE.
WHEN THE IDEA AROSE THAT MI5 SHOULD MANUFACTURE A CRIME-LORD THROUGH WHOM THEY COULD CONTROL AND MONITOR THE UNDERWORLD, I WAS THE OBVIOUS CHOICE.
AFTER REICHENBACH I WAS RECALLED HERE, WHERE I RAPIDLY ASCENDED TO BECOME DIRECTOR, DESPITE SPLUTTERING OBJECTIONS FROM EMBITTERED TOADS LIKE MYCROFT HOLMES.
MEANWHILE, ABLE UNDERLINGS LIKE MORAN MAINTAIN MY CRIMINAL EMPIRE.
YOU SEE, WHEN YOU BEGIN SHADOWBOXING, SOMETIMES THE SHADOWS BECOME REAL.
ISN'T THAT ODD?

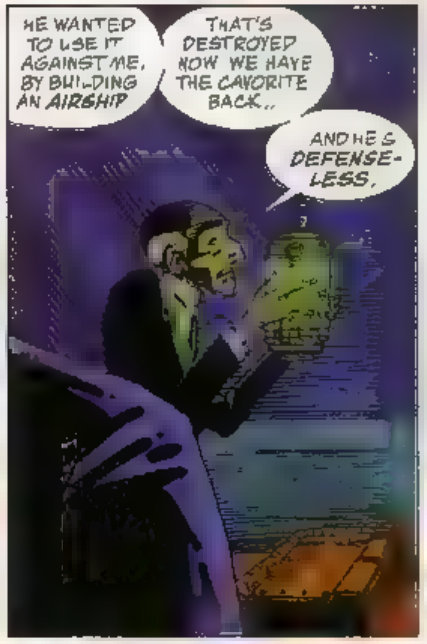
I MEAN OUR CHARADES TAKE ON A LIFE OF THEIR OWN.
I'M NOT SURE I FOLLOW YOU.
IN ESPIONAGE'S TWILIGHT WORLD ALL SHADOWS HAVE SUBSTANCE.

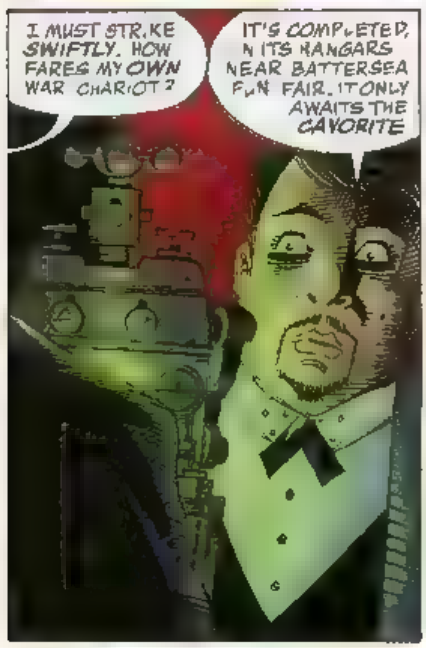

AM I, FOR EXAMPLE, A DIRECTOR OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE POSING AS A CRIMINAL...
...OR A CRIMINAL POSING AS A DIRECTOR OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...

OR BOTH?

LUCKILY, AS CONCERNS OUR CURRENT ENTERPRISE, BOTH MY PERSONAS ARE OF ONE ACCORD:
BOTH HAVE AN ENEMY IN LIMEHOUSE WHO MUST BE DESTROYED


THE DOCTOR. I RULE LONDON'S WEST END. HE CONTROLS THE EAST
THE CAVORITE OFFERED ME THE POWER TO ELIMINATE HIM SO HE STOLE IT.


HE WANTED TO USE IT AGAINST ME, BY BUILDING AN AIRSHIP
THAT'S DESTROYED NOW WE HAVE THE CAVORITE BACK...
AND HE'S DEFENSELESS.


I MUST STRIKE SWIFTLY. HOW FARES MY OWN WAR CHARIOT?
IT'S COMPLETED, IN ITS HANGARS NEAR BATTERSEA FUN FAIR. IT ONLY AWAITS THE CAVORITE

GOOD. LET'S HURRY THERE THE RAID CAN TAKE PLACE TONIGHT.
YOUR FREAKS DID WELL, BOND EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHO THEY WERE WORKING FOR

COME ON, I KNOW I 'EARD SOMEBODY
'OO S T?
I YE GOT A PISTOL Y'KNOW I M NOT MUCKIN ABOUT
NOW WHERE
AAA!

OH GOD
OH, GOD WHAT ?
dzch.
ghunh!
mng-

TITAN
HELIEF
FUND
ENQUIRY

CAPTAIN THIS IS MOST IRR TATING
I CAN T BEL EVE THAT YOU'D SEND GRIFFIN OFF UPON THIS HAREBRAINED MIS-SION WITHOUT FIRST CONSULTING ME.
WAS IT A CALCULATED INSULT, OR MERELY SIMPLE HABITUAL RUDENESS?
MADAM, PLEASE DO NOT TAKE THAT TONE WITH ME, ABOARD MY OWN SHIP!
IT IS SIMPLY THAT HAV NG PROV DED MR BOND AND H S EMPLOYER WITH THEIR CAVORITE, I FIND I DO NOT TRUST THEM
BUT YOU TRUST GRIFFIN TO SPY ON THEM? THE INV SIBLE MAN?
DID YOU KNOW OF THIS, MR QUATERMAIN?
LOOK DON'T START ON ME! NO, I DIDN'T KNOW BUT FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I TH NK NEMO D D THE RIGHT THING I DON T TRUST BOND, EITHER
NOW IF YOU LL EXCUSE ME, I THINK I'LL GO UP ON DECK!
I JO N YOU
OH, HOW TYPICAL! ARE YOU MEN, OR LITTLE BOYS?

YOU PLAY YOUR LITTLE GAMES WITH YOUR ELEPHANT GUNS AND YOUR SUBMERSIBLE BOATS, BUT ONE RAISED VOICE AND YOU HIDE LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN!
I-- I THINK YOU'RE BEING RATHER UNFAIR TO THEM I MEAN, DO YOU TRUST BOND?
WELL, OF COURSE I DON'T, BUT THAT ISN'T THE POINT!
THE POINT IS THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE PERSON ORGANIZING THIS. THIS MENAGERIE! BUT THAT WILL NEVER DO, WILL IT? BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN!
THEY CONSTANTLY UNDERMINE MY AUTHORITY, HIM AND QUATERMAIN
QUATERMAN? BUT WHAT DID HE DO?
OH IT'S JUST EVERYTHING IT'S HIS WHOLE ATTITUDE
HE OBVIOUSLY HOLDS ME IN COMPLETE CONTEMPT AND TAKES NO PAINS TO CONCEAL IT THE MAN'S HATED ME SINCE HE FIRST SET EYES ON ME
DO YOU THINK SO? I MUST CONFESS THAT'S HARDLY THE IMPRESSION I'D RECEIVED
IN FACT TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THINK HE'S RATHER SMITTEN WITH YOU

I'LL TELL YOU, NEMO, SHE'S THE MOST BLOODY INFURIATING WOMAN I HAVE EVER MET
IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO STOP MYSELF GIVING HER A JOLLY GOOD SMACK SOMETIMES BELIEVE ME

HMM... FOR MY PART SHE'S NO MORE DISTRESSING THAN MOST WESTERN WOMEN. THEY ALL DISOBEY THEIR MEN AND DRESS LIKE WHORES
UM... YES. WELL... POSSIBLY
MISS MURRAY, THOUGH... DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT HER? SHE WAS MARRIED ONCE, ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

I BELIEVE SO. AN UNFORTUNATE AND SURELY ACCURSED MAN NAMED HARKER, SO I'M TOLD.
THERE WAS SOME SCANDAL, AFTER WHICH THEY UNDERWENT ONE OF YOUR ENGLISH DIVORCES
WHY THE AUTHORITIES CHOSE HER TO ASSEMBLE OUR GROUP I HAVE NO IDEA
SPEAKING OF THE AUTHORITIES WHAT'S THAT POLICEMAN DOING? HE'S APPROACHING THE NAUTILUS...

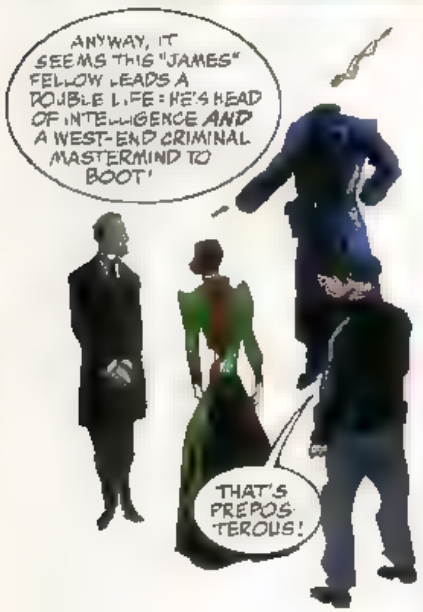
OH GOD
QUICKLY WE MUST OPEN THE MAIN HATCH AND LET HIM IN BEFORE SOME ONE NOTICES HIM!
WHAT? WHAT S GOING ON? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I WON T HAVE YOU TWO KEEP- NG ME N THE DARK ABOUT EVERYTH NG
OH, FOR GOD S SAKE, WOMAN MUST YOU TURN EVERYTHING NTO A SHOUT- ING MATCH?
T S GRIFFIN' WE HAVE TO LET HIM IN BEFORE ANYONE SEES HIM
SEES HIM? GRIFFIN?
WELL FORG VE ME F I M BEING DENSE, MR QUATERMAIN BUT SN T THAT RATHER A CONTRADICTION IN...

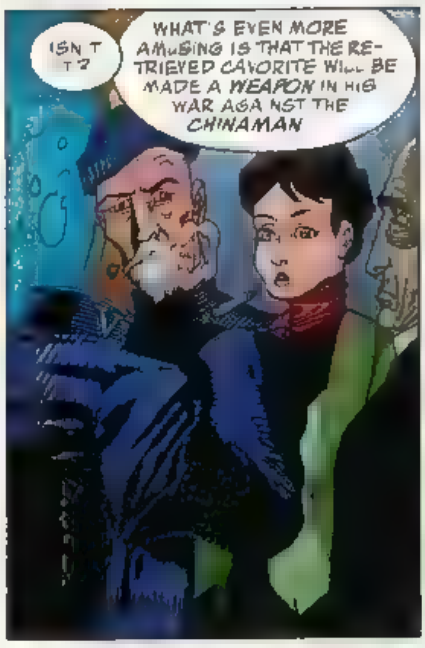
TERMS?
GRIFFIN, YOU MADMAN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS POLICEMAN'S COSTUME?
I WAS COLD. IT'S GETTING RATHER CHILLY OUT THERE YOU KNOW
BESIDES I'VE HEARD THAT LADIES FIND THE UNIFORM QUITE IRRESISTIBLE. DON'T YOU AGREE MISS MURRAY?
HE'S HARMED SOMEONE HE'S HURT A CONSTABLE
OH HEAVENS HE'S HARMED A POOR POLICEMAN
WELL FORGIVE ME I'D RATHER THOUGHT WE WERE A COVERT MILITARY UNIT, BUT IT SEEMS WE ARE INSTEAD A KNITTING CIRCLE!
GRIFFIN YOU WERE SENT TO FIND OUT ABOUT BOND AND HIS SUPERIORS!
DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING, OR JUST GO ON A MURDER SPREE?

OH, I THINK I'D RATHER WELL
I TRAILED BOND AND SAT IN WHILE HE REPORTED TO HIS SUPERIOR
813 813
WAS IT MYCROFT HOLMES?

NO THE CHAP'S CHRISTIAN NAME SEEMS TO BE JAMES.
TALL. THIN CHAP WITH EYES LIKE A LIZARD VERY PROMINENT BROW
I'M'M PRAY CONTINUE

WELL THEY REMINISCED ABOUT A WATERFALL IN SWITZERLAND FOR A WHILE
SOMETHING ABOUT A FIGHT WITH A POLICEMAN OR DETECTIVE
RATHER I'D'VE REALLY


ANYWAY, IT SEEMS THIS "JAMES" FELLOW LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE: HE'S HEAD OF INTELLIGENCE AND A WEST-END CRIMINAL MASTERMIND TO BOOT!
THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS!

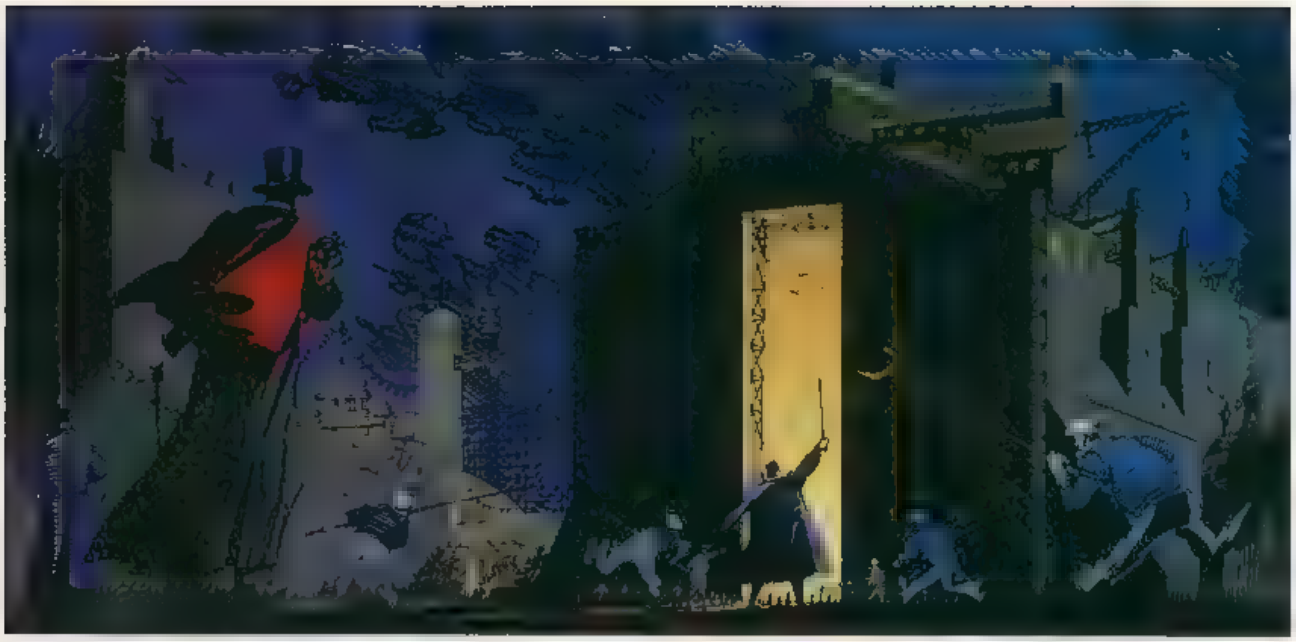

ISN'T IT?
WHAT'S EVEN MORE AMUSING IS THAT THE RETRIEVED CAVORITE WILL BE MADE A WEAPON IN HIS WAR AGAINST THE CHINAMAN

BUT, THE LUNAR EXPEDITION WE WERE TOLD...
WE WERE TOLD LIES. HE SPOKE OF A "WAR-CHARIOT" AND "RAIDS" COMMENCING TONIGHT

YES. SOME SORT OF AERIAL RAID IMAGINED DIRECTED AT LIMEHOUSE
W-WE'VE BEEN USED..
BUT.. LOOK, THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

YES IT DOES
MY FRIENDS, THE MAN WE HAVE BEEN WORKING FOR IS ONE JAMES MORIARTY, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE NAPOLEON OF CRIME

AND I'M AFRAID HE PLANS TO BOMB LONDON'S EAST END



MORIARTY? YOU MEAN PROFESSOR MORIARTY, THE ARCH-ENEMY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES? BUT
BUT HE'S DEAD
THEY BOTH ARE

EVIDENTLY NOT
IT SEEMS ONLY THE GREAT DETECTIVE MET HIS NEMESIS AT THE REICHENBACH FALLS MORIARTY HAS SURVIVED...
.. MEKOUBE MAY NOT

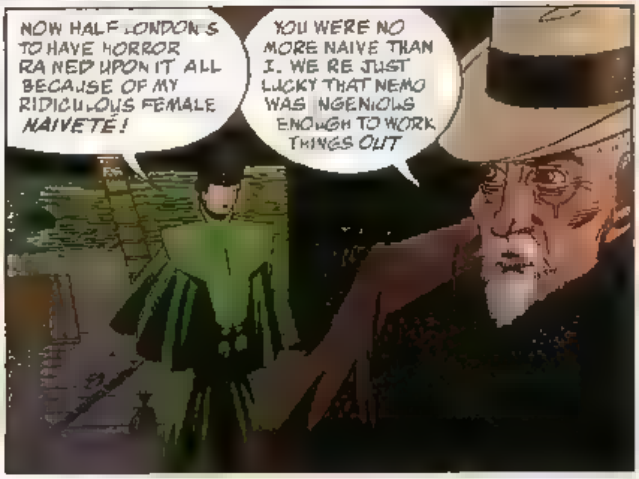
THEN ...HE HAD US RETRIEVE THE CAVORITE FROM THE DOCTOR TO USE IN HIS OWN WARSHIP
AERIAL WARFARE THERE'S NO DEFENSE AGAINST IT

I'M NOT SO SURE I MAY HAVE SOMETHING HERE IN THE NAUTILUS.
BETTER WE PREVENT HIM GETTING ABORNE IN THE FIRST PLACE...

AGREED WHERE'S THIS "WAR-CHARIOT KEPT?
WELL, THEY MENTIONED BATTER-SEA FUN-FAIR...
I'LL HEAD THERE RIGHT AWAY I CAN HAIL A CAB..

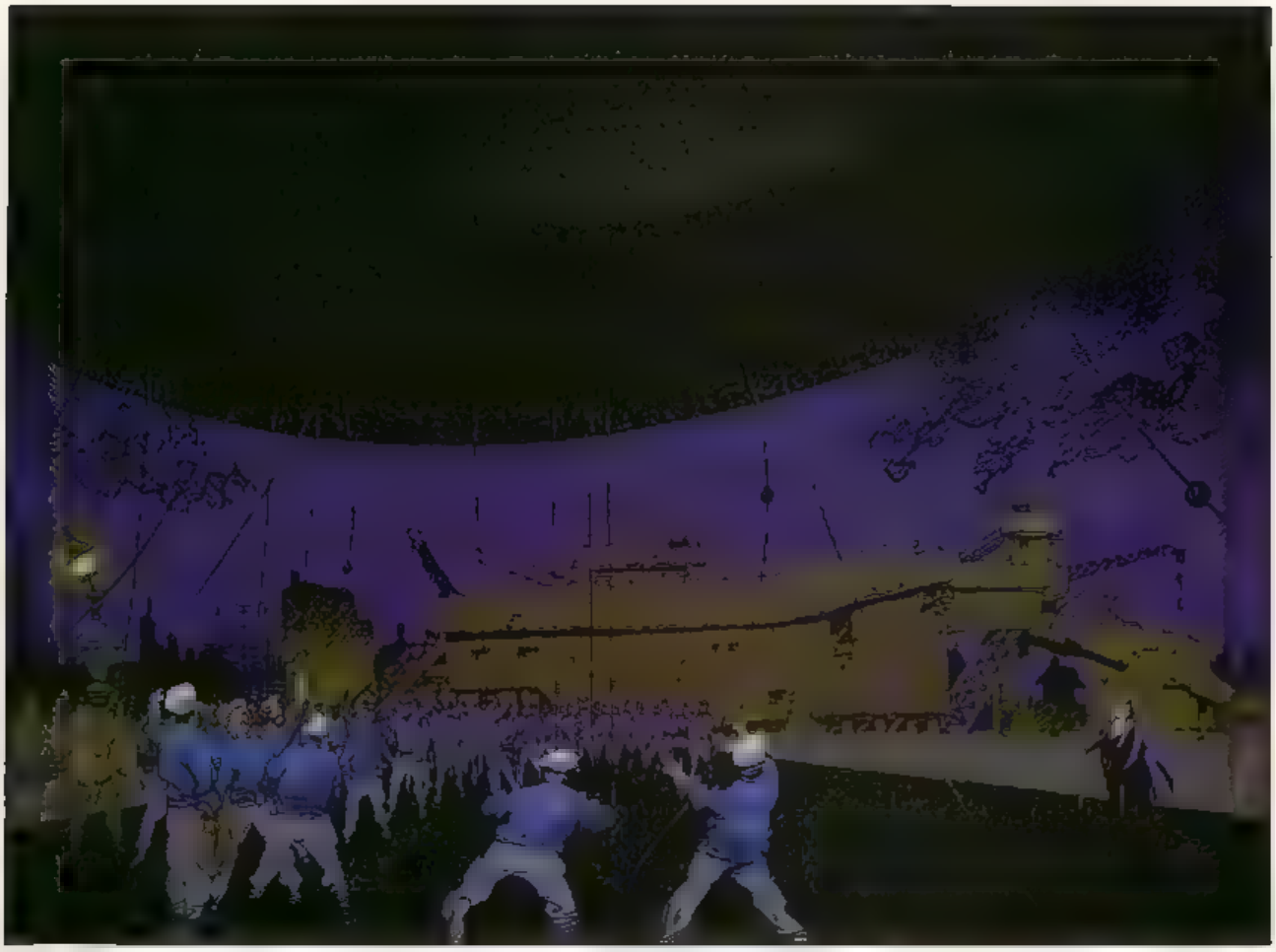
I'LL COME WITH YOU THE CAPTAIN CAN STAY HERE AND WORK ON HIS CONTINGENCY PLAN
I JUST PRAY GOD THAT WE'RE NOT TOO LATE..

WHY?
WHY DIDN'T I REALIZE?

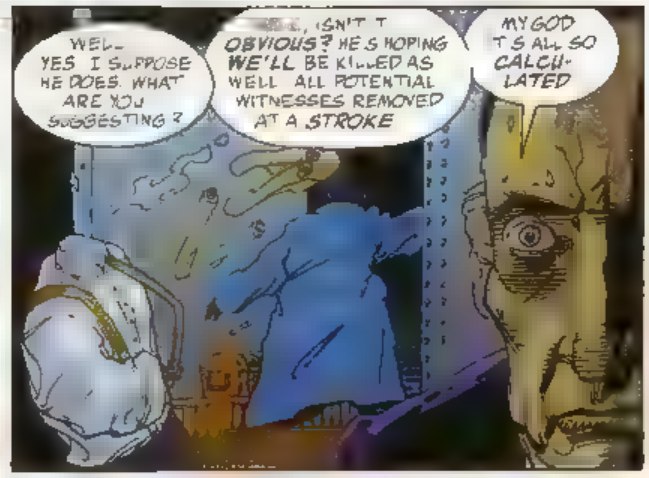

NOW HALF LONDON'S TO HAVE HORROR RAINED UPON IT ALL BECAUSE OF MY RIDICULOUS FEMALE NAIVETÉ!
YOU WERE NO MORE NAIVE THAN I. WE'RE JUST LUCKY THAT NEMO WAS INGENIOUS ENOUGH TO WORK THINGS OUT

YES. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE FACING PROFESSOR MORIARTY
WE MUST BELIEVE IT. THIS WHOLE AFFAIR IS PART OF A WAR BETWEEN PROFESSOR AND DOCTOR, BETWEEN LONDON'S EAST AND HIS WEST
I SAY THERE CABBY

TAKE US TO BATTERSEA AND THE AMUSE-MENTS!
RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR. CAN'T BE BEAT SIR, CAN IT, WHEN YOU'RE STEPPING OUT WITH A YOUNG LADY?
ALL THE THRILL OF THE FAIR



I KNOW I HAD THE DAMNABLE THING STORED AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE
I'VE JUST REALIZED: MORIARTY'S ATTACKING THE EAST END OF LONDON
THAT'S WHERE WE ARE! I MEAN HE KNOWS WE'RE IN WAPPING DOESN'T HE?


WELL- YES I SUPPOSE HE DOES. WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING?
OBVIOUS? HE'S HOPING WE'LL BE KILLED AS WELL. ALL POTENTIAL WITNESSES REMOVED AT A STROKE
MY GOD IT'S ALL SO CALCULATED

I-I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT. I SUPPOSE WAPPING IS RATHER CLOSE TO L MEHOUSE
NEMO, CAN'T YOU TAKE THE NAUTILUS UP THE ESTUARY AND OUT TO SEA?
NO I'VE FOUND WHAT I WAS SEARCHING FOR

TONIGHT, GENTLEMEN
TONIGHT LONDON SHALL WITNESS WAR IN HEAVEN

BLIND

WE SHALL NEVER GET TO BATTERSEA AT THIS RATE!
WHATEVER IS THE MATTER NOW? THE COACH SEEMS TO BE STOPPING
DRIVER? I SAY, FELLOW, WHAT'S ALL THE DELAY?

SIR I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU AND THE LADY OFF
THE TRAFFIC SEEMS TO BE BLOCKED UP ALL CHEAPSIDE TO ST PAULS FOR SOME BLESSED REASON
WELL REALLY THIS IS TOO BAD!

QUATERMAIN HE'S RIGHT THE STREETS ARE TEEMING! WHATEVER'S GOING ON?
THERE IT IS! I CAN SEE IT NOW, COMING OVER THE DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL.
BLIMEY, IT'S A SIZE I'LL TELL YOU T'S

IT'S
BLIMEY

In next month's harrowing conclusion to our splendid serial narrative we shall transcend the very boundaries of human spectacle in our depiction of this battle for the sovereign skies! If man ye be and not some craven dog of Flanders, then in G___'s name do not miss our profuse climax!

Allan and the Sundered Veil

Authored by Mr. Alan Moore
with Accompanying Illustrations
by Mr. Kevin O'Neill

CHAPTER V
THE GLINT IN FORTUNE'S EYE

The high-stoked blaze of manuscripts and folios within the fireplace of Lady Ragnall's derelicted library lapped with a dozen brazen tongues of light across the lifeless, sweat-gemmed cheek of Allan Quatermain, the once-famed, now supposedly deceased explorer sprawled upon the scuffed and dust-cauled parquet of the library floor. The dowager herself, ensconced with in the tumuli of bedding on the face-to-face divans and scrutinizing the unconscious form of the adventurer for any flicker of vitality, was not entirely certain that her friend's demise was still the world-deceiving hoax he had intended it to be. Stretched before her, gaunt and still and almost without breath, the death of Allan Quatermain seemed of a sudden all too credible.

Her Ladyship was not without some personal experience in feigning death so as to thwart the gross intrusions of the living, having staged her own end some years earlier to live since then in blissful undisturbed seclusion as the stately pile of Ragnall Hall fell into luscious ruin about her, tended only by the statuesque obsidian beauty named Marisa who was even now crouching beside her coma-stricken guest, dabbing his cheek with dampened rags and murmuring beneath her breath in the strange, sing-song chant of her own tongue. The frail aristocrat supposed Marisa to be weaving, in her native language, charms to draw Quatermain's absent or abducted spirit back from such strange and dangerous realms as those to which his latest dalliance with the drug taduk. had transported him.

Marisa, stooping with the radiance of flaming rhetoric and poesy from the hearth-fire casting smears of shuddering light across the sumptuous charcoal-crayon vellum of her skin, was the sole source of the peculiar narcotic which transcended time, the same drug to which Lady Ragnall and now, it would seem, her Ladyship's explorer friend were showing symptoms of addiction. Quatermain, reported dead in some unreachably remote, half-fabled region of globe had made his way instead to Ragnall Hall where, despite the alleged death of the hall's inhabitant, he still maintained some desperate hope of finding a last trace, a residue of that which he desired· taduki, the mysterious substance by which men and women might escape the confines of their lives, their times and their identities, as Allan had himself experienced upon diverse occasions in the past. Finding Lady Ragnall quite alive and in no short supply of the required plant-extract the adventurer had, perhaps,, indulged too deeply and too readily. Now he stretched, rigid and near death, there on the floor beside Marisa while she mopped his brow and whispered queer and foreign incantations over his apparent corpse.

She wondered where he was, to which domain of the great spirit-country he had been displaced. Wiping his grizzled chin, where foam had dried, she noticed a faint twitching, almost imperceptible, there at the corners of his eyes, as if some dream moth struggled in the cobweb of his sleep. When those crusted lids flickered and opened, but an instant later, the dark beauty ceased her sussurus of chants, her own eyes flooding with relief, with gratitude that the immortal spirits had returned her friend to them.

And then with fear

Allan and the Sundered Veil

The time jewel drifted in the backwash of the hurtling present, hung suspended, floating and becalmed there at the frayed surf hem of Time's unbounded swell. The massive violet crystal, in its mute and enigmatic grandeur, rose up slowly, like a bubble in some treacle-thick and viscous medium, some endless spill of glittering amber with its scintillant and fluid reaches yawning to all sides of the ascending bauble. Perched upon the temporal gem's top side like houseflies on one pendant ornament of some vast chandelier were tiny specks, blackened to silhouette against the amethystine glow of their surround. The specks were four men and the cracked remains of the now-foundered engine that had brought them here, all lodged atop this faceted and purple stone and, so to speak, marooned.

Kneeling upon the cold, hard smoothness of an upper face of the enormous chiseled bead, Quatermain stared down incredulously at the scenes and shapes that flowed and shifted, seemingly below the surface of the luminous, translucent plain beneath him. Visions of his past, of moments crystallized within the time-gem's substance, merged with visions of what seemed to be his future, vivid and outlandish episodes such as the old adventurer had not previously witnessed in his mortal span thus far, nor even suffered to imagine.

Stark vignettes of incidents that he recalled from travels with his late, lamented friend Sir Henry Curtis blended seamlessly with horrifying glimpses of a life as yet unknown. He saw himself, an opium addicted skeleton, dragged from a heathen drug den by a small but strikingly attractive Englishwoman, the prim, cherry-stained rosebud of her lips pursed in a disapproval that seemed constant. He saw himself fighting for his life, aboard some great and frightful skyboat above a dark, benighted city, struggling in the wind lashed rigging with a large, impossibly-constructed gun that seemed to fire harpoon after harpoon. The woman from the earlier fragment clung against his side, her body pressing to him in the howling night.

The vision shifted. Now he watched a hideous subhuman beast that was absurdly garbed in the remains of what seemed to be formal evening dress, the creature bellowing and laughing hideously as it attacked some great metallic thing that Quatermain could not make visual sense of. More shapes moved against a fire-lit skyline, glinting metal hulks supported on what seemed the spindly legs of monstrous iron flamingos. The explorer had no sooner grasped that he was witnessing some dire, apocalyptic future war when the picture changed.

Now he saw the familiar small, determined woman clad in nothing but a dirty blanket, shrieking, overcome by horror in what looked to Allan's travelled eye like the interior of a dark and rural building, possibly in the Americas. Arcane symbols were inscribed in noxious, nameless fluids on the bare boards of the floor and on the walls, and there was something thrashing over in a distant corner of the room. Quatermain saw himself, screaming as loudly as the woman while engaged in combat with a tentacled and writhing shape that seemed to reach in some way through the walls of the dilapidated farm-house. To his great surprise, another man seemed to be aiding him in this horrendous conflict, whose demeanor Quatermain believed he recognized.

He glanced up from the fascinating and hypnotic vistas swirling on the surface of the gem and looked towards another of the stranded figures trapped there with him on the time-jewel's upper face, the young New England visionary Randolph Carter. Looking back at the horrific incident depicted in the gem, Quatermain shook his head in disbelief. The man assisting him against the squirming nightmare in the farmhouse was identical to the pale youth that crouched not far from the explorer, staring down into the crystal depths beneath him and absorbed in his own visions, with his long, underlit face transfixed by terror that was luminous. Could it be Quatermain and Carter would meet at some future point in the material world; fighting alongside one another in some as yet unforeseen, unfathomable combat? Was this drifting diamond atoll truly showing things that were, as yet, to come? Were the strange, flickering images that swam in the depths the genuine, predictive sparks that danced across the glittering eye of fate, of fortune and of destiny?

Randolph Carter, lost within his own cascade of vision, groaned with recognition and with longing as there in the jewel before him he saw the familiar vista of his native Arkham, with it's gambrel rooftops gilded by the last, long rays of afternoon. To think that, in his mortal form, he slumbered even now in that beloved place, with nothing save his misdirected spirit-self to keep him here upon this glittering plateau of lost souls, where ghostly images of horrors gone or horrors yet to come slithered across the violet surface that he stood upon. Why couldn't he be gone from here, and wake in his New England bed? If only he were stronger-willed, a fearless fellow like his Uncle John.

The elder Carter crouched nearby and gazed in wonderment at scenes of strange red deserts, almost-naked ruby-clad princesses and green, towering men that had too many arms, all flowing through the hard-glazed ground beneath him. Hearing Randolph's groan he glanced up in annoyance at his spineless nephew, only to recoil with some surprise at the alarming realization that the lad was starting to become transparent, as if fading gradually from sight. Why, staring through the young man's stooping body, Captain Carter could quite clearly see the fourth unwilling member of their entourage, the man who'd brought them here and called himself a traveller in time, who tinkered with the damaged framework of his aeon-leaping craft, away on Randolph Carter's further side. The steely-eyed Confederate officer swore softly underneath his breath and called out to his fellows.

"Look there! My young nephew's disappearing from plain sight!"

Quatermain and the tinkering, distracted chrono-naut looked up from their diversions to watch in astonishment as the moonstruck and pale New Englander winked finally from view, leaving but three of them there on the priceless, drifting boulder. The Time Traveller seemed mortified, as if the younger Carter's disappearance should have been foreseen.

" And there was something thrashing over in a distant corner of the room "

Allan and the Sundered Veil

"I might have known. Since you three are not physically immersed in this dimension as are my machine and I, then when you wake up from your curious dreams, or astral wanderings, or drugged stupors, you will vanish from this place. It's only I myself who must remain here till my engine is repaired."

The grim Confederate officer absorbed this information, glancing wistfully to where the visions of a life to come still trickled ceaselessly beneath the purpled ice. A dark-eyed woman rode, bare breasted, on a great six-legged reptile underneath two moons. Somewhere inside him, he made up his mind.

"Look at him! Now the other Carter's going, too!" Quatermain grabbed the traveller's sleeve and pointed to the tall cavalry officer as he became more wraith-like and was, of a sudden, gone from view. The traveller shook his head.

"I wanted to alert you to the threat our cosmos faces from the Universe beyond, where nether-horrors squirm and howl. Now you'll be gone before I can tell you a fraction of the things you'll need to know to aid you when you at last face the adversary."

Quatermain hardly listened, looking back instead to the relentless diorama that unravelled in the violet watch-glass 'neath his heels. The visions there seemed more familiar than they had previously. He saw himself arriving at the ruins of Ragnall Hall, met by the grave Marisa with her candelabra. In another facet of the gem he watched himself inhale the drug then fall into a faint, tended to in his slumber by the servant girl. In still a further surface of the jewel he saw. .

"No. God, what monstrosity is this?"

The veteran explorer reeled back from the awful drama that unwound within the crystal here below him. He was filled with the unshakable conviction that he must return to Lady Ragnall's library and his unconscious form. This thought was barely formed before he too began to wax translucent, melting like a fog at dawn from the Time Traveller's disappointed gaze.

The temporal argonaut walked over to the spot upon the surface of the giant precious stone from which his last companion, Quatermain, had lately disappeared. The traveller wondered what had caused that sudden terrified expression in the instants before the adventurer was gone from this reality. He looked down past the gleaming toecaps of his shoes, into the crystal depths. The image seemed to be of a dilapidated library. Two women, one a Moorish beauty and the other one a wasted crone, were cowering against a wall there at the room of book's far side. Lurching towards them, ghastly in the firelight as it crawled, inverted, like a monstrous crab across the chamber's floor, its lips drawn back to croak strange and unnerving alien syllables was...

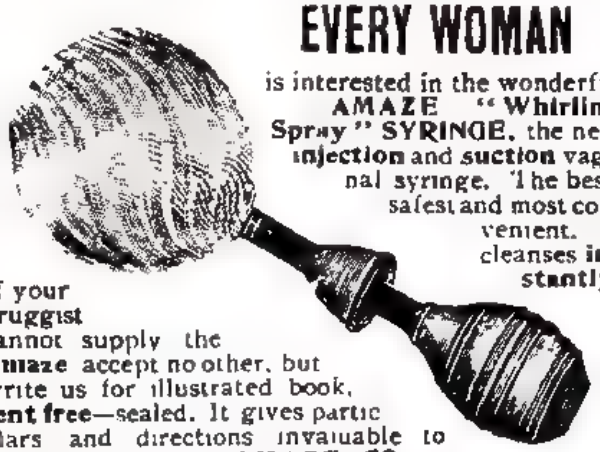
The Time Traveller took an involuntary step back from the ghastly image, swallowing hard. This could not be occurring. Why, the elderly explorer had not been gone from his body for more than a moment in the natural world! How could their enemies have struck so quickly? He steeled himself and looked, once more, into the glass.

The hideously contorted body that advanced across the library floor towards the women was clearly the mortal shell of Allan Quatermain. But the grotesque alien intelligence that glared out from the burning, hate-filled eyes...

That wasn't Allan Quatermain at all.

To be concluded.

EVERY WOMAN



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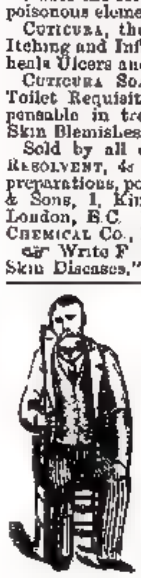

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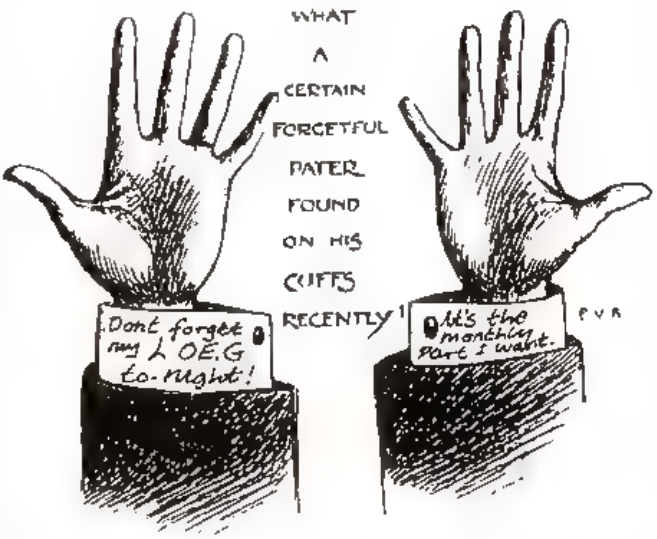

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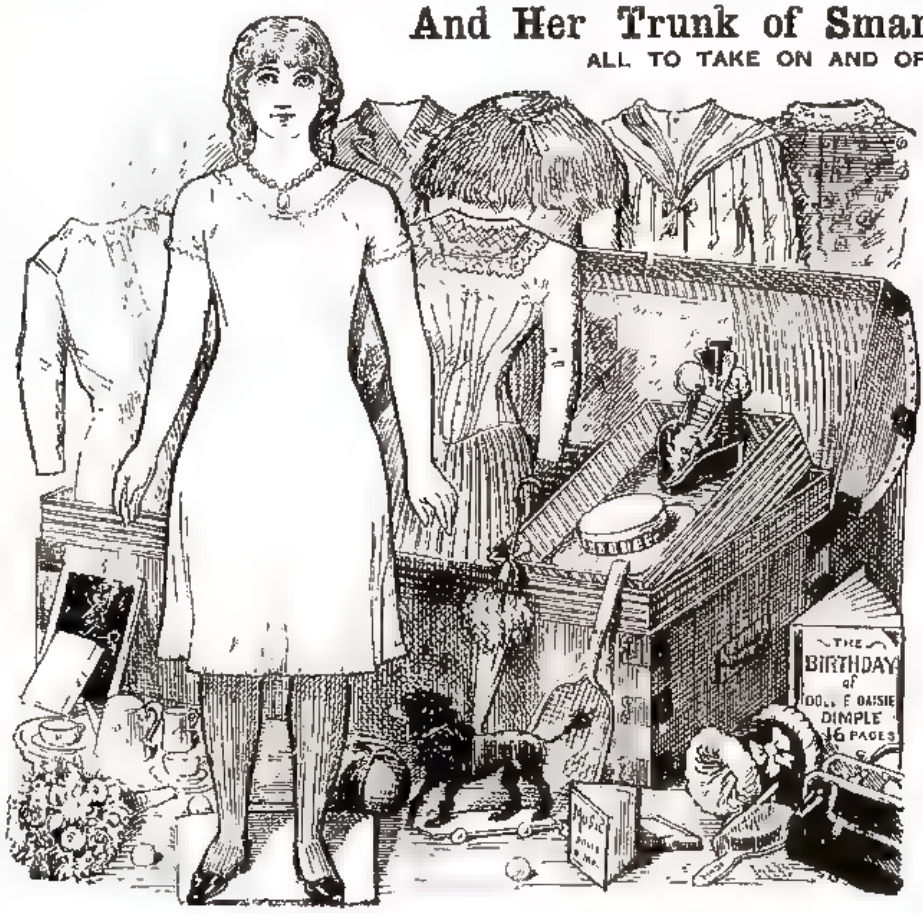

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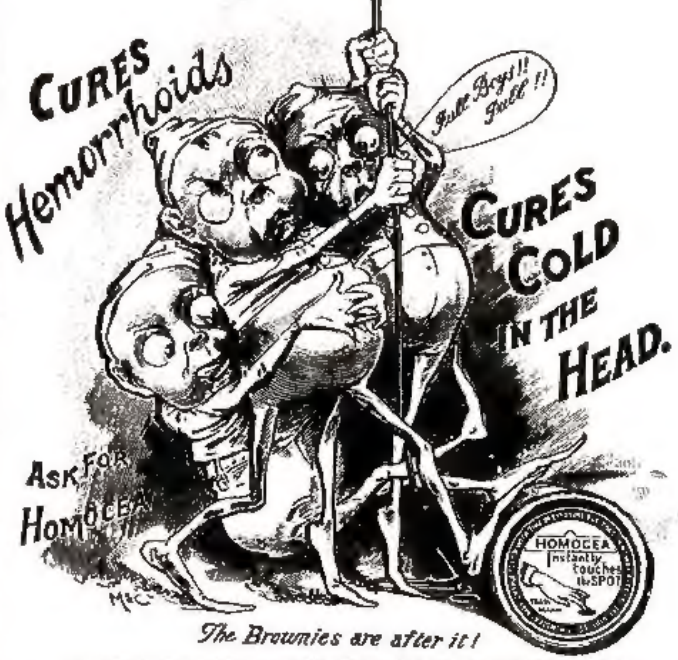

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Your editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him:
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La Jolla, CA 92037
Electro Magneto address:
loeg@wildstorm.com

Many are they who think death and misfortune happen always to someone other than themselves. In our experience, for the greater part, they are right:

Miss Glynnis Ilfracombe (Devoured by ants) – "*Oh Mother, do not fret. I am quite sure that Tate & Lyle's fine Golden Syrup will provide a more than adequate sun-blocking cream.*"

Sir Toby Dinsmore-Welch – "*The flames? Sir, D..., the flames! My Wedgewood dinner service is in there!*"

Bunny Macintosh (Impaled by an icicle while watching elderly servants slip over and hurt themselves on the frozen, frost-glazed terraces of his father's mansion) – "*Haw haw, haw! Haw haw haw haw haw! Haw haw haw! Oh, Crikey...*"

tinkle tinkle –

"Ah good morning, my friendly local comic shop proprietor"

"Good morning customer, what can we do for you today?"

"You can tell me my good man: are there any new effusions from the Northampton nightingale?"

"You what??"

"Don't bandy words with me, you poltroon. Are there any new Moores, fool?"

"New Moores? Of course. They're all in the Moore Department on the next three floors."

"Well tell me then, knave, which editions have lately arrived?"

"Right, we have "*Top 10*" number 200, with a guest appearance from the cast of "*Homicide life on the street*"; "*Promethea*" number 198, in which Promethea meets Prometheus. (He's written that one in ancient Greek, but it still sort of makes sense.)"

"Yes, yes, you bounder, what else?"

"Well, there's also "*Tom Strong*" number 199, with an untold tale from the 1960s painted by Gentleman Jim Steranko, and of course the "*Jack B. Quick*" graphic novel which disproves the works of Newton, Einstein and Hawking; that's selling very well."

"You trifle with me sir. What else? What else, you blackguard?"

"The next "*Tomorrow Stories*"? In the store tomorrow."

"Yes, very tempting I'm sure, but you know the one I really seek. Tell me now you scoundrel: has "*League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*" number 5 appeared yet?? If it has I must have it! I must, I tell you!!"

"Oh that, yes that arrived today."

"...then it's been released at last [gasp! sob!]; my torment is ... at an end!!"

"Yes, with guest appearances from the Woman in White and most of the characters from David Copperfield, and an introduction written by Benjamin Disraeli. You'll find it on the shelf over there, in between the latest "*Big Numbers*" and the "*1963*" tie-up-all-the-loose-ends extravaganza ... ravaganza ... aganza ... gargunza ..."

.....

"Nurse, quickly this one's coming round; prepare the sedative!"

"Yes Doctor. It's another tragic case isn't it? So many lives blighted, and for what? One or two more issues. That's all it would take! Is that too much to ask??"

"It would seem so, Nurse. And now I'm afraid the rumour has spread round the whole ward. All these hopeless addicts: they truly believe the next issue is going to come out. Don't the pushers who supply this stuff have a shred of decency? Have they no feeling for human dignity? Some of these poor fools have been waiting longer for "*League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*" number 5 than most people wait for a hip transplant in this hospital. And all we do is paper over the cracks. I don't know how much longer I can go on."

"Oh Doctor. Surely they'll release is some day. Surely! Won't they? WON'T THEY?"

Dictated by:
Henrietta Sandwich
c/o Ken Langfield
Sent by Electro Magneto

Madam, your facetious enquiry (surely answered by the issue that you now clasp in your very probably dirty hands) does little credit, either to yourself, or to your illustrious snack-inventing ancestor. Imagine his shame, standing there with billiard-cue in one hand and in the other portions of roast ox heaped on a slice of country-baked high fibre bread with bits of bark and quarry-tile left in, upon learning that his descendant would one day destroy the family reputation with an ill-considered satirical barb in the letters department of a widely read and, if we may say so, almost divinely-regarded saga of high adventure in the last century. Well, actually, that's the century before last by now, but this in no way invalidates my central thesis, which is that, as a woman, you are clearly prone to hysterias that will not be alleviated until you marry and have children.

Dear Editor, Sir –

I am writing to you, on behalf of the Wilmarth Foundation and all agents against practitioners of Hyper-geometry and Medieval Metaphysics, on a matter of concern. Your good Gentleman writer, Mr. Moore Esq., has done nothing less than besmirch the name of one of our most hallowed heroes, Mr. Randolph Carter. In his tale, *Allan and the Sundered Veil*, Mr. Carter is portrayed as cowardly and weak-willed. In truth, Mr. Carter served with the French Foreign Legion during the Great War, and excelled at the arts of fencing and marksman. And we need not mention the magnificence of his Dreamquest of unknown Kadath. Sir, your Gentlemen writer has portrayed Mr. Carter as if he were his own biographer, the late Mr. Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Now, despite Mr. Carter's nature as an American, he is a gentleman of the highest order, and his name is impeccable.

On a related note, if the good Gentleman editor is wondering how I have managed to post a missive almost thirty years before my own birth, then I can only say this; I have survived my own death and destruction of my country manor, not to mention encountered the Elder Gods. However, it is because I am British that you should heed my words.

Yours Sincerely,
Mr. Titus Crow
Elysia, 1980

Sir, we admire your Britishness and deeply sympathise concerning your encounter with the Elder Gods, whom we have always found to be vague, doddery, repetitive in their speech, generally going on about the War, dressed in unpleasant looking pastel outfits, and otherwise not entirely unlike Her Majesty the Queen Mother. As for our text serial's depiction of the younger Mr. Carter, let us state that we consider neither Mr. Carter (nor for that matter Mr. Lovecraft) to be cowardly, but simply prone to more natural human reactions than the gruff stoicism displayed by more adventure-motivated personages such as, for example, the elder Carter. Although we might point out the way the chap went into a blue funk after one threatening phone call in *The Statement of Randolph Carter*, judging by which we do, indeed, conclude that he was a bit of a girly.

Dear Sirs –

I have a question concerning your excellent League of Extraordinary Gentlemen series: Is Mr O'Neill selling original artwork from the series? If so, I would be interested in buying a piece or two.

Yours sincerely,
Oystein Sorensen
Oslo, Norway

Mr. Sorensen, we are not entirely convinced that Mr. O'Neill is currently even *drawing* original artwork for the series, let alone selling it. We suggest that you by some means locate whichever stew or desolate back alley Mr. O'Neill is at present to be found in and, after rousing him to consciousness by whatever means are necessary, ask him yourself. Depending on his mood, you should be able to appropriate, say, "The first shot of the Nautilus"

for no more than the price of a quart flagon of Tesco's own-brand strong cider. But if he's singing sentimental Irish folk tunes and drawing on his arm then don't go near him.

Dear Sir –

I wish to protest in the strongest possible terms. I have been a second-banana Victorian super-villain these twenty years and have yet to appear once in your publication. Why, sir? Am I not rum enough? It surely cannot be that I am too obscure. My exploits have been legion and my machinations vile. Who but Dr. August Moreau Richmond could have masterminded "The Case of the Jam-Soaked Kaiser"? If a befuddled ex-colonial like the doubtful Sebastian "Reefer" Moran can rate as an extraordinary gentleman then, by God, so can I.

I confess that my present whereabouts rather mitigate against my giving you the thrashing you richly deserve. Alas, that I am currently resident on an Oolitic coral reef, alone save for a million or so horseshoe crabs, and roughly half a billion years before your offices are due to exist. However, as soon as I have worked out how to re-calibrate this damned second-hand time-apparatus Bertie Wells sold me, I assure you that hashes will be settled, gentlemen. Once restored to the nineteenth century, my vengeance shall cleave to you like a Giant Sumatran Rat to a trouser-leg. Failing that, I shall merely sit out the intervening years waiting for one of my primordial friends to evolve to the point where it can hold a brief. If this latter endeavour succeeds, you shall be hearing from my crustacean.

Alternatively, you could ensure my silence with another graphic masterpiece detailing the exploits of the League of 1787, (glimpsed so tantalisingly in mezzotint in issue #2). I can be bought and I pray that you see reason while you can.

Yours, perched on a giant crab at the dawn of time,

Dr. August Moreau Richmond,
Guild of Tired Old Jossers,
Somewhere in the Devonian Era
c/o Alasdair Richmond, Aberdeen

Sir, we would like to point out that you have brought your current giant-crab-and-dawn-of-time-related predicament entirely upon yourself, for which the publishers can take no blame. However, taking pity on you in your surely desperate straits, we will reveal that you shall indeed make a most significant appearance in the later issues of the proposed second volume of our periodical. However, it goes largely without saying that by then, you and your fellow readers will of course be dead.

Dear Sirs –

I have just read a piece in The Times as follows: "I protest against this ill-considered and crude piece of self-proclaimed "grand pictorial scienti-fiction" which should be described as one of a species of cant almost as dangerous as vice."

Now, sirs, I ain't much of a reader, being mostly taken with the new Kinematographs as we've got showing now in the Theatre Royal on Tuesdays. But pictures is pictures and I spend the few quid to acquire your "illuminated narrative" and found it much to my liking. I must admit surprise that such flash stories about the brightest gems in the Queen's own diadem should be depicted in an American comic. It's rather hard cheese on your average bloke to have to put up the extra coin for a book that rightly ought to be made on home soil.

Any road, I can maybe sees why the PM is crying scandal in The Times on account of the Stoker's dolly-mop and the ranks of judys in that strange girls' public school. And the author's slant on England being saved not just by Her best and brightest but indeed by those that She's just as soon forget might have caused him no end of suspicion as well. Your Mr. Moore should watch hisself, or he might find himself at the business end of a Sedition rap and do a few years on the cockchaser.

I can't quite granny how a romp about some of England's darkest shadows could be "as dangerous as vice" or seem to his Lordship to be holding forth dangerous tracts. But his Lordship's been to Oxford, and though I heard tell it was more to get a college manner than a college mind, if you knows what I means, Sirs, and he might see summat my feeble mind cannot grasp. Nevertheless, I shall have to add reading your periodical to my personal list of vices, and that's a dead cert.

The back cover illustration has but five hands so I needs must assume that our cast has been completed. I will merely add that the innovative genius of Mr. Edward Pierce might nicely round out the assemblage in future volumes, should they occur.

Yours etc.
Ben Russell
Bath

Mr. Russell, unlike our first correspondent, you are a credit to your forebears, including the great philosopher Bertrand and his beloved little dog Jack. And, of course, it is always heartwarming to have the support of the lower, costermonger type of person. As regards your Prime Minister, he is indeed an ignorant fellow. Further than that, we would go so far as to say that he is a balding, jug-eared, bedlam-eyed, moral midget whose wife's face has seemingly been rendered, albeit inexpertly, by the medium of collage. For his part, Mr. Moore assures us that he will indeed proceed with caution and asks, with some concern, what "the cockchaser" might be. Is it some novelty ride like our glorious Millennium Wheel, except functioning? And is it fun, or is it dangerous?

Dear Sirs –

Although the idea of Electro Magneto address is rather, shall-we-say, anachronistic, and is quite convenient. I enjoyed Vol. I No. 4 of the current run of your periodical and wish to comment on it. From the front page appearance of the sinister Nemo to the rather surprising appearance of Moriarty at the conclusion, the story was quite dramatic and intriguing.

I enjoyed Mr. Edward Hyde's running battle with the Chinamen. Though I approve neither of racism nor of the savagery of Hyde's behaviour, I admit it is rather cathartic to see villains being punished in such a manner. Besides, one can hardly expect to be civil when dealing with barbarians who intend to murder one. What also piqued my interest was Mr. Hyde's ability to see into the infra-red of the spectrum (and the humor of his he to Griffin about being unable to "see" him).

Speaking of Griffin, his mock-up of his visible alter-ego was a stroke of genius and proved a rather jarring revelation. I suspect he now masquerades as a certain Indian prince for some currently unguessable reason. It would seem the only thing once can entrust in Griffin is his untrustworthiness.

The back-up story was also rather delightful, although a bit difficult to read (I fear I am not the most literate of fellows, and apologise for any previous or later grammatical errors). A rather frightening vision was projected to Quatermain, but to quote (or misquote, as my memory is rather faulty) the words of Mr. Ebeneezer Scrooge, "Is this the ghost of things that will be, or merely the ghost of what might be?"

One final note before I retire: Unless you have fabricated him for the purpose of humor or amusement, I suggest you do something about your editor, the most obnoxious, arrogant, opinionated, prejudiced, and ultimately idiotic character to disgrace a picture periodical since a certain Mr. J. of my acquaintance, who works for a rival periodical.

Yours truly,
Mr. Timothy Shanahan
Fountain Valley, CA

How dare you, Sir! I fail to see how my invaluable moral instructions can be seen as a source of "humor or amusement". You may well say the same about capital punishment. As for your evaluation of my personality, might I point out in return that you are fat, sir! Yes, fat! And you have a funny voice. For my part, I shall simply state that I am a Late Victorian, by which I mean that I am a subject of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and also that I am dead. This latter quality has never, in any way, made any difference whatsoever to my thinking, my appearance, my sex-life, or my ability to edit a contemporary comical-book-type publication.

SECRET CODE MESSAGE:

20/ 22-19-10-15-12/ 20-33-2-6-4-20-27-25/ 25-29-8-32/ 19-8-18-20-33-7/ 22-27-16-4/ 15-8-1-14-20-27-25/ 16-21-19/ 23-20-31-31-20-27-7/ 14-2-5/ 17-19-19/ 11-6-18-31/ 22-33-20-31-16-29.

ANSWERS IN BRIEF:

Seeking Religious Advice (T.L.) – 1. On the contrary, we think God has been very clear in his personal communications with you. 2. By "filth and contagions" he almost certainly means the prostitute population of London's East End. 3. Yes, of course he means all of them. 4. Any good ironmongers.

Flogging, Birching etc. (Brigadier M_____) – 1. Not at all. In fact, it is character-building and has produced the greater majority of our cabinet ministers. 2. Probably the birch, although with a bullwhip dressed entirely in some form of vulcanised material is obviously best. Unfortunately many pupils' parents may object. 3. Madam Katrina, 215b Hanover Square, first floor up, if the landlady answers the door you're calling on behalf of the Plymouth Brethren.

Lacking in Confidence (J.W.R.) – 1. No, it isn't your imagination. They are indeed laughing at you and, frankly, is it any wonder? 2. Well, no, that isn't what you'd call an imposing height. 3. If she's either blind, mad, incapably drunk, doped or otherwise immobilised in some way, then possibly. Otherwise, not a chance.

Genuinely Frightened (E.E.N.) – A powerful laxative or worming agent. Immediately.

"We shall almost certainly die in this endeavour. My colleagues, saving possibly Quatermain, do not seem to care. They are, I fear, all mad. Miss Murray is, in my medical opinion, in a constant state of hysteria caused perhaps by tilting of the womb. Griffin, obviously, is a murderous lunatic. Nemo's a fanatic. And then there's me."

"And then there's Edward."

from the private diary of
Dr. Henry Jekyll,
August, 1898.

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